

You Love Me

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You Love Me

by Anonymous

Summary

“Come onnn, tell me you love me, George!”

“Just *stop*, Dream. *Stop*.”

In which George is in love and can't handle being teased anymore and Dream figures out what to do.

A completely self-indulgent fluff/angst fic.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Dream's laugh is adorable.

It's unrestrained, completely removed of any self consciousness and simply *ridiculous* sounding. His laugh consists of choked wheezes like he's finally able to take a breath after nearly drowning in water or a maniacal cackle that sends shivers down his spine.

His laugh is so adorable even though it shouldn't be and it makes George smile entirely too wide every time he hears it. He feels himself become slightly giddy by the sound, fortunately hidden by his lack of face cam. Dream will never know of all his secret smiles and flushed cheeks in hearing his dorky laugh.

His laugh is beautiful. Scratch that, *Dream* is beautiful. He's skilled, talented, funny and absolutely ridiculous at times it makes his gut hurt from laughing so hard. George had never before found someone so beautifully amazing.

All of this probably isn't something a straight person should think about their best friend.

But George isn't straight, is he?

It was a horrible realisation to find he's in love with his best friend. His definitively *straight* best friend. Despite discovering he definitely prefers boys a lot more than girls in high school when he found himself practically drooling at a classmate's biceps, it took him a surprising amount of time to figure out his feelings for Dream. These incredibly suffocating feelings that consume him every time they make a video together, which, can he say, is annoyingly *often*. It really isn't great for his sanity. His previous crushes composed of him staring at them from a distance. His feelings slowly diminishing with each day as appreciating someone's looks isn't good enough. But with *Dream*- talking to him and laughing with him and being in complete and utter *awe* of him every day- it's too much. There's no opportunity for his feelings to dwindle. It's impossible. At this rate, he'll be in love with Dream for life.

What makes matters worse is that people can tell. The comments make him nervous. They're completely with fans shipping them. Discovering that 'Dreamnotfound' was a thing made him want to die inside because if the fans can tell George's feelings, surely Dream can too? They point out things he wasn't even consciously aware of at the time. The awkward flirting, the sexual tension, the nervous giggles. It's all coming from George. He feels slightly guilty that he's pulled Dream into this too, he feels guilty for being so in love with him he can't help but subconsciously express his feelings because he doesn't want to make him uncomfortable. It probably doesn't feel great to be shipped with a guy when you're straight.

His only hope is that Dream hasn't seen the comments which he knows logically, given the massive quantity of them, is completely impossible.

So with each passing day, George waits in fear for Dream to mention it, to ask him to back off a bit, to stop being such a flirt, but it never comes. Dream seems to want to ignore the topic. From the drop in George's stomach at the thought that definitely seems worse.

It won't stop him from loving Dream, from giggling and screaming and having a blast making videos with him. But he can't deny the way his heart constricts. How tight and suffocated he feels knowing that Dream won't ever love him back- *can't* love him back. It makes their every interaction bittersweet. Torn between delighting and suffering with it.

But he really shouldn't be thinking about all this right now, should he? Given that they're actually filming right now.

"DREAM!" he screeches, throat hurting slightly from it but experienced with such vicious misuse.

Dream delightfully ignores his protests like always and cackles into the mic. Evil, so evil about evading him for another time. To others, his laugh might sound unseemly but George loves it.

"Come and get me!" Dream says, giggling.

George clangs his mouse on the table hard as he tries to find Dream on the screen. He spots him in the distance, sprinting in a grassland, somehow managing to travel about a billion blocks in two seconds like he always does. George probably should go after him, but he can't be bothered, not when Dream has full iron armour and George only has a chest plate. How annoying.

“I really hate you, you know that Dream?”

“No you don’t!” Dream cackles, as he continues sprinting. “You just hate that I always beat you! You loovee mee.”

George stays silent, gulping nervously. Whenever this happens (which is painstakingly a lot) he never has any idea what to do or say, floundering in the thought that *yes, I actually do love you.* But he can’t say that, because that would be humiliating, so silence is the best option. But Dream keeps going.

“Come onnn, tell me you love me, George.”

He sprints to avoid a creeper exploding. “No.”

“Come on~” Dream continues.

Something unrecognisable rises within George’s chest. Frustration? Sadness? Desire? He’s not completely sure. But with each tease from Dream, egging him on to say he loves him, the more everything starts to fade into the background. George forgets they’re filming this for millions to see, he forgets that he should keep everything light and funny. He’s sick of it. Sick of feeling this way. So he snaps.

“Just stop, Dream. Stop.”

The words hang in the air and silence consumes them. Dream says nothing, and George forgets that he should be trying to kill the damn guy. Because all he’s thinking is how guilty he feels, how he might have ruined the video, or something much worse. Dread fills him. Did he ruin their friendship too?

When Dream finally speaks, he says, “I’ll cut that out of the video.”

George simply nods, even if Dream can’t see it, because he physically can’t speak right now. He feels like he’s choking and shame fills his gut. He should’ve kept quiet. Why couldn’t he have stayed quiet?

The rest of the video is hell. George tries to summon as much enthusiasm as possible to make the video entertaining. He screeches, he pushes Dream down a ravine unsuccessfully, he does his part. Deep down he knows he could be trying harder but it’s enough. Other than his one outburst, the video turns out well and Dream successfully defeats the Dragon. After Dream explains his thought process during his insane schemes and ideas, they stop the recording and they’re finally left on their own.

The best plan of action is obviously to evade, because that’s how he treats every problem in his life. So George says. “Good job! I think we made another great video, Dream!” It’s sounds fake. It sounds so so fake. But he can’t do anything about it now.

“Yeah...” Dream says. “Now, listen.”

George waits with abated breath. Usually after such an amazing battle, he is satisfied and happy, unable to contain his pleasure. But his voice is completely void of any indication of that. He sounds serious and George has no idea what he’s thinking.

“Do you-” Dream says. “Do you have a problem with me? Because I can stop if you want. I didn’t mean to pressure you. I’m... I’m sorry.”

What? Does George have a problem with *Dream*? He was not expecting that at all. He thought Dream would be angry at him, he thought he would yell at him. He didn't think he would sound *sad* and be apologising to *him*. He has nothing to apologise for, George was the problem! So he says, "What on earth are you talking about?"

"I was practically forcing you to say that you love me. I probably enjoy it more than is necessary. It's not fair to you."

That has George freezing. If he thought he was confused before, now he is bewildered. His heart is beating a million miles a minute which is insane because he doesn't even know how much a mile *is*, but it doesn't matter because Dream might have just insinuated that he likes hearing him say "I love you." His head combust at the thought because that might mean- does it mean that- "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

Dream seems to want to prolong this. "I don't know, what do you think I'm saying?"

"Dream!" George yells. "Please explain, I don't understand."

"I thought you knew. I thought I was being obvious."

This is too much; George might literally explode if Dream goes on anymore. "What are you *saying*?"

There's a silence, and then Dream yells, "I like you!"

Okay, so now George really is exploding. His head rings as a million thoughts hit him at once and his heart starts beating like no tomorrow. Dream likes him? Dream likes him, George? It doesn't compute, but there's no denying he said it. Unless, he is somehow having a fever dream and made this all up. Actually, that would explain it. "This is a dream."

Then George laughs that beautiful laugh of his again, and it hits him. This is *real*. Dream *actually* likes him.

"No." Dream says. "*I'm* dream."

George groans. Of *course*, he has to make a dad joke now. "That's a horrible joke."

"No, it isn't! It's a great joke!"

"It doesn't even make sense!"

"Maybe it doesn't, but you love me, anyway."

This time it isn't a question. It isn't a request or a demand. It's a mere statement. And George doesn't even have time to feel embarrassed about it because for one, Dream likes him so who cares, and two, he can't deny it. "Maybe..."

George can practically hear the smile on Dream's face he sounds so excited. "I knew it!"

"Dream," George says. "I'm going to have to hit you when we finally meet up in person for teasing me, you know that right?"

"That's fine with me, as long as I get a kiss after!"

"Oh my god."

Dream cackles into his mic and George can hardly believe this happened. That *this* was the way the truth came out. But knowing that he'll be getting a lot more Dream now, *and* in the way he's always wanted to, he can't say he's disappointed.

And later, he discovers that Dream's laugh sounds even more beautiful in person.

End Notes

Any feedback/constructive criticism is most welcome! :)

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